

TWO ALARMS FOR DEDHAM FIRE

THE WEATHER.

Unsettled, with showers tonight or Tuesday, somewhat colder Tuesday afternoon and night; high wind shifts.

Sun rises 5:41, sets 6:01.

Moon rises 9:07 p. m.

High tide 12:15 a. m., 12:45 p. m.

Temperatures: Boston 54, New York 56, Chicago 55, St. Louis 52, Philadelphia 58, Washington 55, New Orleans 75.

BOSTON AMERICAN

VOL. 10-No. 4. BOSTON, MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1913.

PRICE ONE CENT.

10 O'CLOCK EDITION

250 DEAD IN RUINS

EATON JURY CALLS FOR AMERICAN WITNESSES EXAMINED

Charles E. Nordstrom, a private detective, and Miss Anna Rooney, were the principal witnesses at the Grand Jury investigation today at Plymouth into the murder of Rear Admiral J. G. Eaton.

Nordstrom is the private detective whose story was told exclusively in yesterday's Sunday AMERICAN. He is the man whom Mrs. Eaton wished to employ to search the Eaton home for poison and Miss Rooney, as has been told exclusively by the AMERICAN, is the nurse whom Mrs. Eaton hired to live in the Eaton home to shadow the Admiral.

Both of them have told Mrs. Eaton told her husband was trying to kill her with poison. Miss Rooney, who is a graduate of the Western Hospital, has made a special study of mental troubles. A few days ago the AMERICAN discovered that Miss Rooney was brought secretly to the Eaton home last June by Mrs. Eaton and that she stayed there a week observing the Admiral.

Miss Rooney was on the stand in the Grand Jury room ten minutes. Nordstrom was before the Grand Jury a half hour. Mrs. Fred Corbett went in. Mrs. Corbett lives at Mrs. Eaton's corner and Mrs. Jane (Ainsworth) Kyles, daughter of the late Admiral, boarded at her home a few years ago.

Eight minutes after Mrs. Corbett went in, Miss Jessie Collamore, a brand new figure in the Eaton case, was called. Miss Collamore lives next door to the Eatons at Amittip.

Brooks of Boston There. While Miss Collamore was testifying before the Grand Jury, Charles E. Brooks of Framingham street, Boston, came to the courthouse. He had a long talk with Nordstrom and Attorney Moore in the corridor. It was Mr. Brooks who talked with Admiral Eaton about disposing of his collection of curios, and the Admiral told him of his need of money.

William A. Moore, who is to be a senator against Mrs. Eaton, conferred with her today in her cell at the jail. Mr. Moore is confident that Mrs. Eaton will be acquitted of the charge of murder.

DOROTHY AINSWORTH EATON, stepdaughter, who champions the late Admiral J. G. Eaton and who is to testify before the Grand Jury investigating his death. This picture was posed especially for the AMERICAN.



TRAIN WRECKED ON NEW HAVEN, 6 ARE INJURED

NEW LONDON, March 24.—A north-bound New Haven passenger train bound from New London in Worcester and due at Jewett City at 2:45 a. m., crashed into the rear end of a freight train, just north of the main street crossing at Jewett City today, smashing both engines, throwing 100 passengers onto the coaches and injuring six persons, one of them possibly fatally. The most seriously injured was William J. Keating, a commercial traveler of Manchester N. H. who suffered a broken nose and other head injuries. He was taken to the Norwich Hospital.

The others injured were: JOHN O'NEIL, conductor of the passenger train, injuries to the face and both ankles; JOHN SCOTT, Southbridge, Mass., tooth knocked out and face injured; HENRY GUDON, Webster, Mass., jaw broken. The switch engine was backing out of a siding and had a flagman out, but he was not far enough away to stop the passenger train.

Fitzgerald to Be Next President of These U. S.?

Who is going to be President of the United States from Boston? Mayor Fitzgerald, at a meeting of the Boston Foreign Club, says we "have the makings." He is strongly of the view that the possibility is simply impossible.

Suffragettes Dig Up England's Best Links; Burn House

LONDON, March 24.—The Royal Society of England, which is the oldest and most influential of the suffragettes, has been told that the suffragettes are to dig up England's best links and burn the house.

Society Girl Works for \$9 Per Week to Aid Poor Children

PHILADELPHIA, March 24.—Miss Elizabeth K. Megary of No. 124 South Twentieth street, the leader of Philadelphia's most exclusive younger set, started all social engagements to remain behind the counter of a Chestnut street flower shop at a weekly wage of \$9.

THREE CHARGED WITH STEALING COTTON, SURRENDER

NEWPORT, March 24.—James Holden, William Harty and Felix Bourne of Fall River, charged with stealing cotton from a Fiverton mill, surrendered today.

THREE SWEEPED OVER PRECIPICE TO DEATH

BERNE, Switzerland, March 24.—An avalanche today overwhelmed three visitors who were sitting near Thon's in the mountains. They were swept over a precipice and buried in the deep snow in a few minutes.

Hundreds Injured; 3,000 Homeless, 8 Miles Swept by Tornado; Martial Law

OMAHA, March 24.—Governor Morehead, Mayor Dehman and Police Commissioner Ryder say the death list will reach 200 in Omaha alone, exclusive of Ralston and Council Bluffs.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH 24.—THIS IS A CITY OF DESOLATION AND WOE. AT LEAST 250 PERSONS ARE DEAD FROM SUNDAY'S TORNADO AND THE NUMBER OF KILLED MAY REACH 300. OVER 400 ARE INJURED, SOME OF THE FATALITY. THREE THOUSAND PERSONS ARE HOMELESS.

City Is Under Martial Law

A swath four blocks wide and eight miles long was blazed by the wind. Great buildings of steel and granite trembled in the grip of the tempest and the earth was jarred by the thunder.

The financial loss will be over \$10,000,000. Scores of the hand-somest residences in the city were destroyed. Hundreds of smaller buildings were demolished. The city is under martial law. State troops are patrolling the streets. Looters will be shot.

CHAMBER MEN TAKE ACTION ON R. R. PROBLEMS

A meeting of the members of the Chamber of Commerce to act upon the report of the directors as to what action should be taken by that body in regard to the railroad situation in New England began at the City Hall at 2 o'clock.

HOME OF MAJOR BLAKE BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE

The home of Arthur Blake, member of the Governor's staff, in Glid Road, Dedham, was badly damaged by fire shortly after noon today. Two alarms were called from West Roxbury. The Blake family was away when the fire started. The servants, who discovered the fire, managed to escape, but were unable to save even their clothing.

REJECT STOCK EXCHANGE TAX PLAN

The legislative committee on taxation has reported favorably to withdraw on the petition of John F. McCarthy for legislation to tax Boston Stock Exchange seats.

STORERS LOSE BY COURT'S DECISION
NEWPORT, March 24.—The right of depositors to sell without license, patented articles at prices lower than those paid by the holders of the patent was denied today by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of The Peir, Chagnon, and the Kohler Oil and Specialty Company of Fall River, Mass.

NEWPORT POSTAL CLERK ARRESTED

NEWPORT, R. I., March 24.—Postoffice Inspectors Wells and Swift of Fall River arrested here today Charles C. Peabody, clerk for the last twenty years in the Newport post office, on a charge of embezzling the mails. Peabody, who is forty and has a wife and six children, will be held in Fall River for examination.

WAGE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGNS TO AID NAVY YARD

GILCHRIST & CO.
11, Market Street, Glasgow.

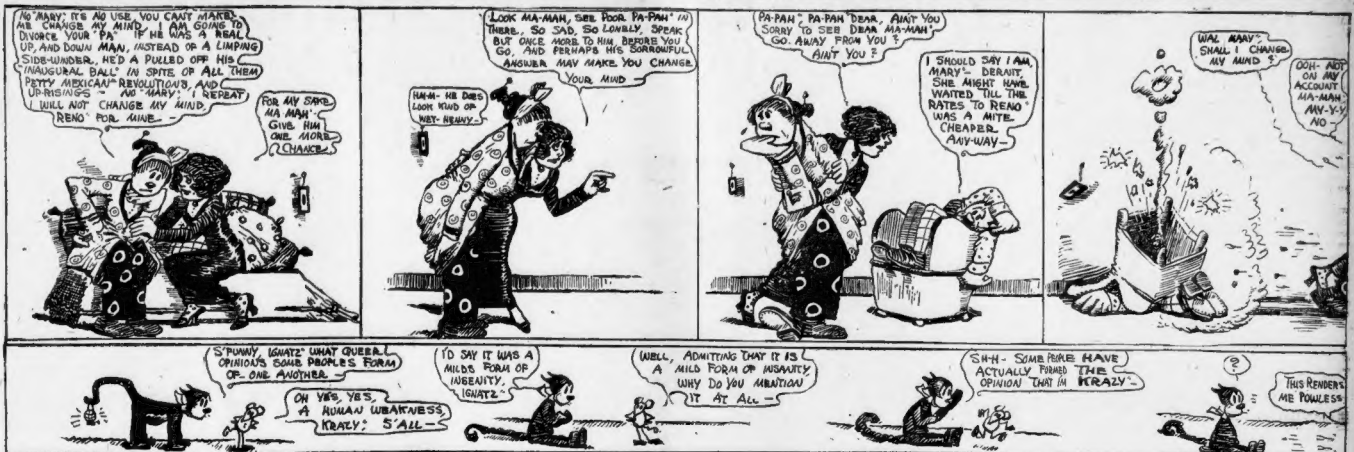
styles, white and fancy stripes, sizes 8 to 8 years. Each..... **37c**

The Dingbat Family

Very Thoughtless of Ma-MAH

Copyright, 1913, by the National News Association

By Herriman

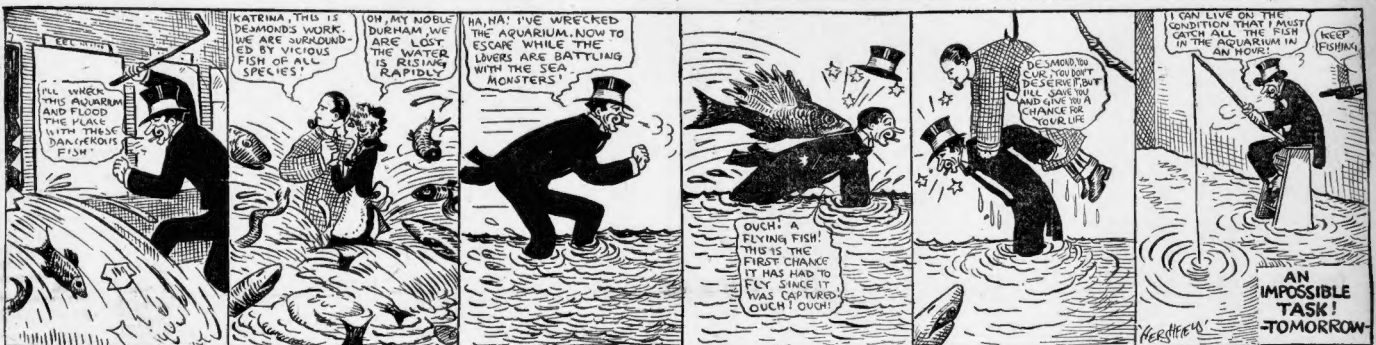


Dauntless Durham of the U. S. A.

Wild Scene in the Aquarium—Flying Fish Fells Desmond—Durham Sets Villain Impossible Task

Copyright, 1913, by the National News Association

By Hershfield

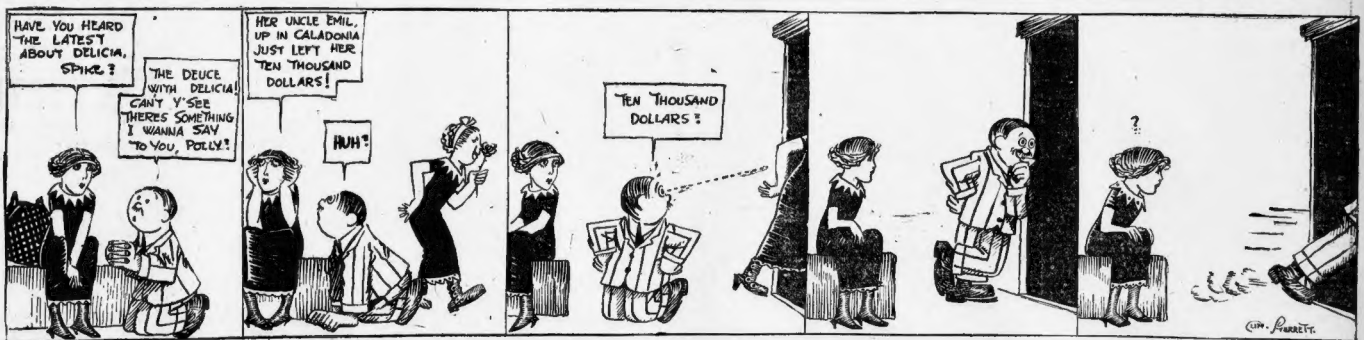


Polly and Her Pals

It Does Make a Difference, Doesn't It?

Copyright, 1913, by the National News Association

By Cliff Sterrett



Us Boys

And Just as Eaglebeak Was Going to Sign Up

Copyright, 1913, by the National News Association

By Tom McNamara



THE AMERICAN'S DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Religious Dances of Ancients Among Man's Strangest Ceremonies

Story by Margaret Hubbard Ayer.
Sketch by Michelson



Maiden dancing a mystery or religious dance in the garden at night. All men were excluded from witnessing this dance, which, in a way, takes the part of fasting in the modern church

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER

SOME of the strangest dances the world has ever seen have been of religious origin.

We have Holy Jumpers in some communities today, whose religious exhortations are accompanied by wild and often frenzied motions of the body, but they are no more sensational than the religious dances of more primitive people.

About 1374 there was an epidemic of the dancing sickness (St. Vitus) in the Southern Tyrol. A great procession was formed of men, women and children who danced their way to the very distant shrine of the saint in prayer for speedy cure either for themselves or some one dear to them.

This dancing procession is still a feature of the Feast of the Pentecost at Riechenbach, about fifteen thousand people joining it every year. They all hold hands and advance five steps and

then take two steps back. This gives the procession the strangest, most fantastic appearance, like a huge snake that jerks itself along. There are plenty of brass bands to keep the dancers' spirits up, and the close contact of so many other praying and dancing people is infectious. It is said that many cures are effected among the pilgrims and that many of the younger ones lose their hearts on the way to the shrine. But that is considered to be particularly lucky.

The most morbid and fearful of all the dances in Christian times were the Death Dances which appeared about the same time as the great plagues and were the people's expression of grim and ghastly despair at their lot. The grisly humor of these dances, which were led by a man dressed as Death himself, painted like a skeleton with crown and ermine coat, can only be understood if you try to think yourself back in those times. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries every imaginable disease, and the black plague especially, ravaged Europe, sometimes killing every one of the inhabitants in a small town.

There was no idea of a cure for any one who contracted the disease, and no exact knowledge of how it was caught. The people were as helpless as sheep before a flock of wolves. If one man died of the plague in the town it was pretty sure that many more would, and no one knew whose turn would come next. So Death was constantly in everybody's thought, and they could not even get away from the idea in their merry-making, but danced with Death as the piper of a long, ghastly procession.

At this time dancing had become a perfect mania and many people were accused of having the dance sickness, which was a form of hysteria or St. Vitus dance, quite as popular in the Middle Ages as neurasthenia is now. The dance of death had a very bad effect on people, needless to say, and soon the Church forbade it, and the only reminder we have of it now is in pictures of that time.

The slave people still retain a trace of this morbid dance in a death dance of their own. This is performed by a young girl

who pretends to be a corpse. She must remain rigid while the rest of the company try as hard as possible to make her laugh by their funny antics, their dancing and their ridiculous caricatures of profound mourning. The boy who can make her laugh or waken her gets a kiss as his reward, and the dance, despite its gruesome idea, is very popular in some parts of Bohemia.

There was nothing morbid or unhealthy in the funeral dances of the old Greeks where members of the family, or paid mourners, walked in solemn and stately manner around the funeral pyre of the dead and chanted hymns in his honor, while they scattered flowers and poured out libations of wine to the gods. But other religious dances of the pleasure-loving Greeks were less dignified, and certain Dionysian mysteries participated in only by women ended in the wildest kind of revelry. This festival permitted the women who were hedged in by very strict laws and even narrower conventions to get back to nature for a while, and they made full use of their opportunity, led by the wild Maenads, the high priestesses of the God of Wine.

The Lonesome Business Man

By WINIFRED BLACK

THE business man is an awfully good fellow, so polite, so kind and so—

—fascinating. He makes plenty of money, has plenty of time and likes such little innocuous and nice little dances and a pretty face across the table from him.

And his wife won't go with him—she simply won't.

He feels terribly about it—he asks her and tries her, and begs her, and almost commands her to meet him downtown and lunch with him and to meet him upstairs and dine with him and to go to the theatre with him, and all that kind of thing. "Not even a thank you, sir, and the stenographer is so sorry for him she won't know what to do."

"He's written to tell me all about it. 'I'm so sentimental,' says the stenographer. 'I've even something of him, and this man is the fourth one I've known who had just such a time with a wife.'"

"He's told me all about it and asked me to go with them. I need to do it, but now I'm engaged and I can't, but I'm sorry for him. Just the same. Why will wives be so foolish, so shortsighted? Can't you give them some good advice? How nice of you, you good stenographer, and how silly of the wives. I've heard such a lot about these wives. I've been hearing about them for years."

Sometimes men tell me about them, and sometimes they come to me—do women who focus worry for the men and goes out with them herself, just out of spite, pity.

I wish I could see one of these wives myself, but I never have. Just it odd. I know hundreds and hundreds of married women, but I've never heard one of them complain about her husband treating her as he does to the place with him. Maybe they are sensitive about it and don't like to mention it.

All the wives I know who talk about their husbands at all say that I get hurt bad at first. I've been to get hurt bad at first of the home.

Twelve or fifteen bridges in abundance; meanwhile, he'd rather go to the Corbetta's than be found dead at a roadside. Lower downtown, he's always too busy; dinner at a hotel, he takes the very best of it, as no one, so crowded, so bright and shiny.

YOUR FRECKLES

Need Attention in February and March or Face May Stay Covered.

Now is the time to take special care of the complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. The February and March winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles that may stay all summer unless removed. Now is the time to use outline—double strength.

This prescription for the removal of freckles is the discovery of an eminent skin specialist, and is so uniform and successful that it is sold by any of the Riker-Youngs Drug Stores under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Get an outline of outline—double strength, and even a few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the smaller freckles even vanishing entirely.

and so many silly women peacocking around in due feathers, so many stupid new dresses, and smoking right in his very face. He's tired of it; all he wants is some peace, love, quiet and so he resolutely tries to get and no water to him.

He wants just one face to look at—the face of the little woman who's bored to death being looked at by her one pair of eyes. He wants some cooking, some talking, some resting. That's the kind of husband when kept talking about. Sometimes they cry about it. I've seen them do it.

I'm so tired of the same thing every day they cry—those who cry. "If I did John would take me out once in a while, but he does have to go. I haven't the heart to ask him. Sometimes I make a new paper stand for the day, just to make the dining room look a little different, and I read so interesting things to talk about, and all he says is 'fish.' Lonesome—day indeed! In the one who's home in our family."

Not just that? I wonder what the answer is to this?

And as to the little stenographer who's so sorry, I'm glad she has a sympathetic husband. Sometimes turn out to be a good deal of a nuisance in a good many ways after you've once begun to encourage them to feel sorry for themselves.

Lonesome! Wife won't go to dine with him. Well, well, I hope I hear from you after you've been married a year or so, little stenographer. I'd like to see what you think of the lonesome business man who has his heartbroken wife, and also, who you feel toward the sympathetic stenographer who is so sorry for him.

In a smart restaurant with a bunch of men and a lot of clatter to take home afterward. The particular stenographer who is sorry for her particular husband, for example, to write and tell us, we'd all be interested to hear.

UNWILLING TO TELL

THIS country school teacher had been told a story of the smart set in New York.

He had noticed about the seasons and their peculiarities, and to impress the facts upon their minds she questioned them upon the points she had raised. Several queries had been put, and she finally mentioned the story in the corner.

"Well, Johnny," she said, "have you been paying attention?"

"Yes," he answered, promptly.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, can you tell me what there is in the spring?"

"Yes," he said, "I don't want to. 'Oh, you, you, you! Don't be afraid. You have heard the other scholars. It's a good boy now, and tell me what there is in the spring.'"

"Why—well, there's a frog, and a third, and a dead cat in it; but I didn't put 'em there. It was another boy, for I see him do it."

Princess Drives Lion to Feast

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX



"The leopard and the lion no sooner caught sight of the thousands of lights than they became panic-stricken."

A HIAUTIVU, princess recently attended a scene of the smart set in Rome and dined into the life room in a chariot driven by a huge lion and a leopard. This was the unique advantage of the Princess Redwilt.

The balconies and stalls were filled with elegantly dressed women and gentlemen.

There was no idea of a cure for any one who contracted the disease, and no exact knowledge of how it was caught. The people were as helpless as sheep before a flock of wolves. If one man died of the plague in the town it was pretty sure that many more would, and no one knew whose turn would come next. So Death was constantly in everybody's thought, and they could not even get away from the idea in their merry-making, but danced with Death as the piper of a long, ghastly procession.

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With a book full of pictures, you know,
Of beautiful flowers, and of the things that grow,
And mountains all pretty with snow."
But pennies were scarce in the tenement home,
And she had to pass the money to the poor,
And the tenement mother, work-worried and worn,
Replied with a shake of her head.
But a moonbeam crept in through the curtainless panes,
And shone on a shimmering pearl,
A jewel of sorrow, the mother's dear,
Of the poor little tenement girl.
And she took the money from the palm of the frost
Where they beaded with crystal the grass,
And were hanging the tips of the cedars and pines
With glittering laden branches.
So the tenement child, when she woke in the morn,
Beheld on the panes, with delight,
A marvelous series of silver scenes,
Where the frost had been busy all night.
There were forests and gardens, and valleys and hills—
"Oh, mother!" she cried.
Somebody has covered the window for me
With pictures right out of a book!"